

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 502.—Vol. X.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1893.

PRICE 1½d.

LIMITS AND LIMITATIONS.

BESIDE the Limits which human beings have to acknowledge as such, there exist a man's own personal Limitations to be reckoned with. The practical philosopher, in the person of Mr Besant—*vide his Eulogy of Richard Jefferies*—bids him find out those limits, work in them, and be content. This advice, though little other than the heathen sage's, 'Know thyself,' since to know one's self argues a knowledge of one's limitations—to carry this advice into effect requires a certain amount of insight, acquired by an uncertain amount of effort. One may be the 'limited little brute' Miss Bella Wilfer called herself, and yet never attain her insight to perceive and her candour and courage to avow her limitations. There are those whose limitations, perfectly perceptible to those about them, remain a profound secret to themselves all through their lives; and there are those whose apparent limitations—patent enough to all appearance—are in reality mere sheaths and husks, which in the course of their development will be sloughed and cast aside, as they emerge and make 'a large room' for themselves. Genius may be safely trusted to find this room for itself; sometimes it takes the expression of a belief in its limitations as the signal for it to transcend those limits, as Lord Byron did. Or it will retire into a ten years' silence, as did Lord Tennyson, before finally emerging as one of the Immortals. Or it will be magnificently indifferent, as was Burns, as to whether what he had in hand would turn out 'a sang' or 'a sermon.'

And not in poetry only may genius be found overstepping the ordinary limits of mankind. In one profession, notably, where nature would seem, at first sight, to have fixed the boundaries of a man's career, she will, by endowing him with a Promethean spark, enable him to conquer what looked like her own limitations. Though the man to whom she has given a commanding presence, a tragic cast of countenance, and a deep voice, restricts himself, if he be wise, to playing

tragedy and melodrama; while he who is gifted with comic features, insignificant stature, and endless drollery, labours in his vocation when he plays the fool; a third, of ordinary, or even plain and unattractive form and features, but whose lips have been touched with a live coal from the altar, will, like Rachel, secure histrionic triumphs to which the merely beautiful or graceful in vain aspire.

And while thus considering the large room genius makes for itself, it may not be out of place here to inquire why it is that the mothers of men of genius are credited with so large an influence in the development of their sons' capacity, and that an attempt is seldom or never made to lift the fathers on to a similar pedestal? It may be that a man, without being exactly incredulous of his offspring's intelligence, has been made, by experience and contact with the world, cautious in crediting any one, even his own son, with a capability of doing, until something has been done, and that this atmosphere of incredulity, unfavourable to the development of talent, as it is allowed on all hands to be, constitutes the difference of training which the child receives at the hands of its parents.

As the soil is to the plant, so is its environment to the young soul, which, though it may, by flattery or over-indulgence, foster the ill weeds of conceit and self-sufficiency, may, and does, on the other hand, dwarf and warp its growth by a stunting diet of incredulity or disparagement. It is a common observation that youth can do itself more justice, be more 'itself' among strangers, than at home, where nothing is expected of it; and thus it is perhaps that home-keeping youths have ever homely wits; while abroad, free from the heavy, incombustible atmosphere that a presumptive acquaintance with their limitations imposes, they branch out into sallies of sense or humour. Falstaff complains jestingly that not only is he witty himself, but the cause of wit in others: in a similar manner, there are those whose dullness is a cause of dullness in others. The limitations of Napoleon III.'s intel-

ligence, the influence of his entirely negative intellect, are said to have been such as to infect the consciousness of all who came in contact with him. 'I cannot talk, with Civet in the room,' says Cowper, 'a fine puss gentleman who's all perfume.' The perfume may be a very fine perfume, an art-jargon that babbles of the 'tender rendering' of a boot-jack, or the 'sympathetic *timbre* of a baritone'; or it may be merely the perfume of the 'shop' to which the speaker is attached, but it suffices to choke the general auditor. A man of Dr Johnson's extended powers no doubt was right in feeling complimented when he heard that a lady had said of him—speaking to one who complained of having been in a company where only 'runts' were talked of—'Well, sir, Dr Johnson would have talked of runts'; yet even he confessed to Boswell that he felt the tediousness of the company of his old schoolfellow, whose 'talk'—like that of the man in Ecclesiasticus—'was of bullocks.'

That it is of great importance to a man in any walk of life to find out his limitations cannot be denied. It is a pitiful waste of time for a man to pass half a lifetime trying to catch hold of something which he has no real power to grasp. Yet this ignorance of the limits of his powers is often the result of outside influence. 'That which one can do, another may do,' is re-echoed around the neophyte; and giving credit to this untriest of axioms, he allows himself to be entered for a race beyond his strength; urged and goaded into attempting that which is permanently beyond his powers. An addiction to a study, an art, or a business which comes spontaneously and from within, may generally be trusted; while that which is the result of pressure, or a morbid and over-stimulated ambition, usually bears but one fruit—failure. On the other hand, to dwell on one's limitations, or to have them daily insisted on, is comparable to placing a transparent but impassable globe over a butterfly, and then demonstrating the futility of its powers of flight. We have seldom admired the surpassing beauty of the 'Prentice's Pillar' in Rosslyn Chapel without an inward conviction that it owed its creation in no small degree to the absence of the Master, an absence which left the 'Prentice free to find out his own capabilities for himself.

In some directions, the limits of a man's powers are not difficult of determination. For instance, there seems to be a point in the game of chess beyond which an ordinary player does not easily pass. His capacity to unravel the intricacies, foresee and provide against the contingencies of that wonderful game, is, so to say, exhausted; and he who constantly succumbs to his opponent's power of combination and dexterity in marshalling his forces, may fairly be said to have found his limit—in that direction at least. He, too, who perpetually loses his head, or his way, in the analogous game of life, may safely suspect the limitations have been reached of his own perspicacity and foresight.

But it is obvious that, while certain of our powers seem doomed to the strictest limitations, there are other and not less noble ones, capable, apparently, of almost unlimited expansion. That by no manner of means may an oak-tree be evolved from a cabbage, we freely admit; but

unless a soul is granted to a cabbage, or denied to a man, the analogy will not hold good. While the limits of speculative thought first discovered have in scarce any direction been since overstepped, the delimitations of the frontiers of morality are—and have been—progressive. As in the world, so in man; while incapable perhaps of adding an intellectual cubit to his stature, he may—nay, frequently does—exchange a capacity for an acquirement. It was possible for him to be charitable; he *is* beneficent. Few suspect the depth of their own power of endurance until an inexorable fate calls it forth, and it becomes—heroism. Pity is exalted into a divine compassion. Under the nettle Disappointment, grows the flower Humility. From the perception of benefits spring gratitude and love, and the joy of living on so beautiful a globe, hung like an iridescent air-bubble in the firmament! Even the brevity of the allotted span of life—its uncertainty, its mystery, its pain—is but the exchange of an earthly vitality for a divine vitality. In short, while a Darwin converts himself into a machine for grinding out facts, by means of which may be evolved an all-important law of nature, each human being possesses within himself the power, not merely of observing, but of enlarging the limits of the divinest part of himself—that which constitutes his character, and is, so to speak, the protoplasm of his soul. Self-possession, self-control, self-command, all that made the glory of the philosopher, are merged in the humility which trusts in the highest, the greatest, and wisest, as well as the most infinitely tender of Guides.

THE BURDEN OF ISABEL.*

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE TAME PHILOSOPHER IN DANIEL'S DEN.

ALAN AINSWORTH went to his rooms that night treading on air, singing and making melody in his heart. He loved his love, and his love loved him—loved him truly, freely, and unreservedly, as only a noble, generous-tempered woman does love. There were difficulties, to be turned rather than surmounted; but they only added a zest to his feeling, for he was in no doubt about the issue. His sweetheart had surrendered herself to be guided by him: she had sweetly bent to him; and he was a new man. He felt strong, and he rejoiced. His two successes coming together had this great effect on him. He had been very doubtful whether the public would care for his play; and they had received it with acclamation. He had frequently been despondent in his love—had often wondered if a rare creature like Isabel could find in him anything at all: and she, who had hitherto appeared stronger than he—stronger in mind and in heart—had yielded to him as the lord of her life. So he was strong and of a good courage—of a temper to be daunted by nothing that might arise. He knew that it was rather because of her own generous quality than because of his supreme desert that Isabel had yielded herself so ungrudgingly, but yet the effect on him was the same as if his own merit and his own hand had gotten

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

him the victory. Herein is the infinite reward of true love, that, with the flattery of feeling on the one side, and on the other—of homage and devotion—we come to believe our poor little best qualities to be active and constant, and in so believing we cultivate them into activity and constancy.

As for Isabel—when her lover had departed, she began to brood despondently upon the pain she must give to George. It seemed more difficult than ever that she should break with him. She imagined herself going to him and saying: 'You have generously loved me, I believe, all your life, since we were boy and girl together; and you asked me to be your wife, and I have agreed and have led you to suppose that I loved you. I now find that I do not love you truly, and that I cannot marry you! For your faithful love of a life all I can give you is a broken promise!'—and she shrank from it with shame and alarm. It would be easier to write that, but it would be cowardly to seek to shun the full shame of speech; and she could not come to speech with George at once. But, as Alan had said, 'One thing at a time.' She had promised to go to her uncle on the morrow and make him take over her money. But would not her uncle laugh at her, and think her gone mad? Yet she had promised, and she would go, and perhaps something might come of it.

On the afternoon of next day, therefore, she went to Rutland Gate. She asked the important person in black who opened the door if her uncle were in; and he replied that Mr Suffield was not at home—was gone back to Lancashire—but that Mrs Suffield was at home. That seemed to her strange and ominous, but she followed the footman into the drawing-room, where Mrs Suffield sat alone, with a book in her lap, as if she were reading.

'Is anything the matter, aunt?' asked Isabel, 'that uncle has rushed off again to Lancashire?'

'Is anything the matter, my dear,' retorted her aunt, 'that you have rushed in now, when we only parted from you yesterday?'

'Yes,' said Isabel, on the inspiration of the moment; 'for some time I have had a feeling that something was going to happen to uncle. The feeling has come and gone; but to-day it has been specially strong. Is anything wrong? You know all my money—all I have—I would gladly give to help uncle!'

Her aunt considered her closely, and then went to her and kissed her with tears in her eyes. 'You are a good girl,' said she. 'All I know is that that M'Fie came to him this morning with some strange story; that he was very much upset, and said he must go down to the north at once. I never,' said Mrs Suffield anxiously, 'never knew him do a thing like that before—go off without telling me what was the matter.'

While Isabel is talking with her aunt, it is necessary that we should occupy ourselves with this business of M'Fie's. He had come to the house betimes that morning, looking—as the footman said to his master—'very ill, indeed, sir—wuss than usual, and 'is 'ead tied up!'

The Tame Philosopher had, for once, a story to tell instead of a rhapsody to deliver. But his manner of narration partook largely of the

rhapsodical from sheer habit; for certainly he was too much moved and too much in earnest to be consciously choosing his words.

'Bless my soul!' exclaimed Suffield when he saw how pale he looked with his head tied up in a white handkerchief. 'What in the world have you been doing with yourself?'

'Ah, my dear sir,' said M'Fie, wringing his patron's hand, 'the pains of Gehenna have gat hold upon me! I have had an adventure, sir, which to my poor experience in that kind surpasses everything I have ever read of *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*—of barbers, and negroes, and one-eyed calenders. It is so strange that you cannot imagine it even in dimmest, most indefinite prefigurement. And when I tell it to you, you are likely to listen with incredulous ear.'

'Well, my friend,' said Suffield, 'I make no promise of listening with one sort of ear or another; but I must bargain that you tell me only the truth. Come into the library.'

'What is truth?' said jesting Pilate,' quoted M'Fie, as he followed his patron, "and would not stay for an answer." I would have you observe, sir,' said he, when they were in the library, 'that I am about to give you an unvarnished narrative of my adventure, and I have to bespeak your earnest attention, because it concerns yourself, sir.'

'Concerns me—does it? Well, fire away, and let me hear.'

The Philosopher was too much interested in his adventure even to correct his patron's un-literary expression. He began his narrative, and Suffield listened with interest. In effect it was as follows:

On Thursday evening—that was Tuesday—the Philosopher, having his time on his hands while his patron was making holiday in Lancashire, and having read in the newspapers of the success of his young friend Ainsworth's play, resolved that he would spend half-a-crown for a seat in the pit to witness the play and judge if the approval of the public was justified. When he took his place in the throng waiting for the doors to open, he observed a little way in front of him a white turban. When he had pushed his way in and taken possession of a seat, he found himself immediately behind the white turban. While studying his bill of the play and his halfpenny newspaper, and considering the talk and the countenances of his neighbours before the play began, he negligently observed that the owner of the white turban—who, he could casually see, had the dark face of an Indian or Hindu—kept taking surreptitious sucks at a bottle which he produced from the pocket of the dark overcoat he wore. The play began, and he was interested in it, and incurious about the owner of the white turban, who had seemed progressing so rapidly on the way to tipsiness. But at the end of the first act, when all around began to discuss the play, the owner of the white turban began also. He addressed himself to his neighbour, a harmless, good-natured-seeming young man, who rather encouraged than resented his conversation.

'This is silliness,' said the white turban. 'I am regret that I give away my half-the-crown to sit here to listen with regard to this. Do you

think the same, sir? I must say the times the halls of music visited I pay one shilling—not half-the-crown!—and I am handy for the pipe and the glass, and I am not squeeze by my respected ones next me. With regard this is not good, not economical. And in the halls of music they make me laugh down to my stomach, with regard here if care should be taken I make a simper of pleasure. This is silliness!

There was no mistaking that guileless voice and that wonderful turn for correct English: a single peep round the dark man's cheek assured the Philosopher that the owner of the white turban was none other than Daniel Trichinopoly.

'Of course—Daniel,' said Suffield. 'Taking his Christmas holiday in London, and enjoying himself in his own way.—But how, my friend, does that concern me? My son told me he was in London.'

'Oh, did he?' said the Philosopher. 'Well, my dear sir, I am not at the end of my story yet. Wait, sir, and listen.'

At the end of the second act—during which Daniel frequently partook of his private refreshment—the same kind of talk was resumed, Daniel adding to such comparative criticism as he had before uttered that he knew the gentleman who had 'made' the play, and that he hoped that he and his friends were well, and that they would continue very well. As for him (Daniel) he did not care for anybody: he could spend his 'half-the-crown' or his 'one shilling' with as much freedom as any 'Ki-lis-tian' gentleman in the Queen's empire, and—with that the play went on again.

'Still I don't see, my friend,' said Suffield, 'what the tipsy twaddle talked by Black Daniel has to do with me.'

'My dear sir,' said the Philosopher, 'you will see in a precious moment.'

It was after the third act that Daniel—being then very tipsy and communicative—drew from his inner pocket a large envelope, from which he took some folded sheets of tissue-paper. He spread them before his neighbour, and boasted of the value of the drawings on them.

'I beg to mention,' said Daniel, 'that these pictures, lines, circles, etcetera, etcetera—in red ink and in black—are with regard to a very clever machine valuable for the manufacture. With attention to these I now take away and make, and I may say I shall have a small or large fortune by the favour of it.'

A strong suspicion made the Philosopher rise to look at these drawings over Daniel's shoulder. He discovered that the lines had clearly been first traced with pencil and then gone over with ink by a somewhat awkward hand, and that they were undoubtedly copies of drawings he had seen before. What drawings?

'Now, what drawings would you guess, sir, in your acutest and directest vein of guessing?'

'What drawings should they be,' asked Suffield, 'that I know ought about? What should be done wi' a sheep's head but make broth o't?'

'Mr Suffield,' said the Philosopher, 'with listening to the havers of fools and rogues in Parliament, I must tell you your wits have become dulled. Your business activity, since it ceased to be active, has lost its sharpness. What drawings should they be that I'd take trouble to tell you this

screed of a story about but the drawings of your own cherished, secret machine?'

'What? The black scoundrel! He has copied the drawings, has he? That's George's carelessness!—But go on wi' thy story. What didst thou do?'

The Philosopher answered, he could do nothing there and then; but he considered that, since Daniel had stolen copies of the drawings for use, he could hardly intend to return to his post in Lancashire. Waiting, therefore, till the play was over, he followed the white turban from the theatre and down the Strand to Chancery Lane, where it mounted to the top of an omnibus going eastward, and he followed. The Philosopher confessed that he had no thought of committing violence—even if he had been able—he was only steadily resolved to see where the black Daniel was going to bestow himself. On the 'bus they sat almost back to back, and the Philosopher could not but imagine that a powerful man might just twist himself round in his seat, put his arm about, and garrotte the head that wore the white turban, and abstract the large envelope from the inner pocket. Thus they rode eastward and still eastward, Daniel murmuring to himself without ceasing all the way. Somewhere in Whitechapel—the Philosopher could not tell where—the white turban descended from the 'bus, and the Philosopher followed. He followed along strange alleys by queer turnings, slippery and noisome, until he began to suspect that the white turban was aware it was followed; how it had become aware the Philosopher could not guess; but the Philosopher had never before tried to be a detective. The white turban twisted this way and that, and now and then drew up in a pause, when the Philosopher drew up, too, and caught the gleam of a bright eye from under the turban. At length the white turban disappeared into a doorway; the Philosopher moved carefully up to observe the number, when the white turban pounced out upon him, the hands of Daniel gripped his arms to his sides, and the voice of Daniel murmured: 'Ah, it is the old Guru! It is the sayer of wise things! It is the wise one himself alone without his disciple! I am regret to say that my entertainment is very little for a Guru. But with regards come to see where I have the dwelling.'

There was that in Daniel's eye and manner which hinted that his invitation was not to be refused; and the Philosopher, who was not a man of great physical courage, yielded to the gentle urgency and pressure of Daniel's muscular black hands, and went along with him, saying: 'Certainly; I will look at your dwelling.'

'Do you know what you should have done?' said Suffield, who was now marching up and down the room. 'You should have called a policeman, and given him in charge for being in possession of property of which he could not give a reasonable account. That would have nailed him.'

'But,' said the Philosopher, 'there was no policeman to be seen: it was a terrible savage region!'

'I mean,' said Suffield, 'you should have done that as soon as you left the theatre, instead of following him all the way to the Docks; that, I suppose, is whereabout you were?'

'Not quite,' answered the Philosopher. 'But I should have denounced him to a man in blue at once—should I? I did not know,' said he despondently. 'I am not familiar with the methods of dealing with crime and its detection. And the whole business,' he added with a flash of virtuous indignation, 'was as smoke in the eyes and stench in the nostrils!'

'However,' said Suffield, 'go on wi' thy story.'

The Philosopher passed on, while Daniel guided him by the arm into a narrow court or alley. They went on, stumbling in darkness and dirt, until they arrived at a door above which was a small oil-lamp. Daniel lifted the catch and walked in, and the Philosopher to his amazement saw he was in a place like the fore-castle of a ship. The room was filled with a peculiar brown vapour or smoke, such as the Philosopher had never before seen, smelt, or tasted.

'Opium,' said Suffield.

'And that is just what it was, my dear sir,' said the Philosopher.

Daniel entered into converse in an unintelligible tongue with the Chinese master of the place, who came and bowed and grinned before the Philosopher, and said: 'Come; smokee pipee. Velly cheap; not velly dear!' The Philosopher protested that he did not wish to smoke a pipe of the noxious drug; that while thanking his 'friend' for the offer he would much rather not. But the Chinese master of the place insisted with Celestial politeness, and took the Philosopher by the sleeve to lead him along. The Philosopher resisted, and angrily remonstrated, while sundry dark heads with lack-lustre eyes lolled over the edge of certain bunks. At that he received a blow on the head, which made him drop, stunned: he believed the treacherous Daniel had dealt it.

'Humph!' exclaimed Suffield. 'And that accounts, I suppose, for the clout about your head. And you saw the Daniel Nathaniel no more. I thought that was to be the end!'

'But that, my dear sir,' said M'Fie, 'was not quite the end. I came to myself!'

'It was the end so far as Daniel was concerned,' said Suffield, still marching up and down. 'He had got rid of you. And you came to yourself, I'll be bound, with being made to swallow opium smoke or a bit of opium; and they kept you there sick and sleepy, and you did not get out of that for some time.'

'Now,' exclaimed the Philosopher, 'it is very clever of you to guess that; for that is just what occurred. The Celestial person made me smoke one, two pipes of his obnoxious preparation, and I could not leave the place till late in the afternoon of Sunday.'

'Sunday! Of course!' said Suffield. 'That was all arranged! The Daniel creature wanted to get away, and to make sure that you could not come and tell me or any one else that you had seen him until he had time to do something! Where can he have gone to? Why didn't you let me know at once, my friend?'

'I thought, my dear sir,' answered the alarmed Philosopher, 'that you were still in Lancashire. I wrote to your son as soon as I got back to my lodgings; and then I came here to-day, thinking that peradventure you might have heard, and come back.'

'You wrote to George! And he knows then!

—if he's at home!—That rascal Daniel must be found, you know! I must go to the police!—You'd better come with me.'

They went out together at once, took a cab, and drove to Scotland Yard. The Detective-Inspector to whom they were introduced saw clearly the importance of the matter.

'The thing's not patented, you see,' said Suffield; 'and if it is made public, or if it gets into another manufacturer's hands, it means thousands of pounds loss to my business. So spend as you think necessary to find the black scoundrel.'

'You do not know yet,' asked the Inspector, 'if he has taken anything else?'

'I can't tell till I've seen my son, who has been managing the business. Where can the creature mean to go to?'

'Back to his own country, probably,' said the Inspector. 'But is it of any use his taking plans of machines there? He may have gone to the States; but Liverpool would have been better for that. Yet—haven't I heard that they are building cotton mills in Bombay now?'

'They are,' answered Suffield; 'and depend on it that's where he's gone!'

'Very likely,' said the Inspector; 'but we must look all round.'

Suffield returned to Rutland Gate to eat his lunch with little appetite—and to tell his wife what had happened—to get a few things packed into a portmanteau and to take the train for Lancashire.

HOW TO JOIN THE ROYAL NAVY.

IN these days of keen competition for employment, when men of moderate means scarcely know what to do with their sons, it is surprising to find how comparatively few parents are acquainted with the rules governing the admission of candidates to the public services. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why boys who display no very strong bent for any particular calling so frequently follow in their fathers' footsteps. Sometimes the sons of well-known professional men do succeed in the same line; more commonly they attain but moderate success; but it is indisputable that young Englishmen very often follow the parental lead simply because *Paterfamilias* has neglected, until too late in the day, to study the rules of entry to other professions. How often one finds, for example, that a military officer puts several sons into the army, that lawyers' sons are trained to be lawyers, and that a clergyman's sons drift into the Church; and how very, very frequently in after-life the unsuccessful man has cause to regret his father's lack of imagination. According to Mr Beerbohm-Tree, this desirable quality is highly developed in actors, yet it is notorious that actors' children usually take to the stage. Now, there is at least one profession open to young English lads which is not, strictly speaking, overcrowded. We allude to the Royal Navy; and although we may fairly claim to be the greatest maritime power the world has ever seen, there can be no doubt that universal ignorance prevails among civilians as to the rules of entry to this attractive service. Our object in the following paper is to give parents

some authentic and definite information on this subject.

When we hear that young hopeful is going to adopt a naval career, we usually assume that his ambition is to become a British admiral—perhaps even a second Nelson. This is indeed a very laudable ambition; but whilst there are only a few admirals—at all events on the active list—there are several other branches of the service open to lads with an inclination for a sea-life. The combatant or executive branch of the navy affords greater opportunities for distinction than the non-combatant; but although there are more prizes in the former, there are also more blanks; and many a soured old lieutenant, with no prospect of further promotion, has wished, ere now, that he had adopted one of the other branches of his profession. These other branches are as follows: The Royal Marines, Engineering branch, Accountant department, Chaplains' department, Naval Instructors' department, and Medical branch.

The Combatant branch.—Every young man who aspires to become a combatant naval officer is required to pass an examination for admission to the Cadets' training-ship at Dartmouth. This system was established in 1859; but it is noteworthy that the system of open competition—introduced into the army on the abolition of purchase by Mr Gladstone—has never been fully extended to the navy. The entry of naval cadets, for example, is regulated by strictly limited competition, and this is effected by issuing nominations. The Admiralty are now entering about one hundred and twenty cadets annually, and this number is likely to be maintained for some years to come, owing to the deficiency of lieutenants. The examinations of nominated candidates are held twice a year, and not more than three candidates are usually permitted to compete for each vacancy. As may be imagined, these nominations are eagerly sought for, but often too late by parents who are unacquainted with the rules. We must not pause here to criticise the system under which the nominations are bestowed, but cannot refrain from stating that it is distinctly open to criticism and unlikely to last many years longer. It is sufficient for our purpose to explain that, with a few exceptions, all the nominations are in the gift of the First Lord of the Admiralty. The individual members of the Admiralty Board have a few at their disposal; whilst every admiral is allowed one nomination on his appointment to a command, and every captain can also claim one nomination within six months of assuming his first command. If one has no connection with the navy, the only chance of securing a nomination for a cadetship is to make early application to the First Lord of the Admiralty, or to enlist the sympathies of some influential friend. It must be admitted, however, that this branch of the navy is still a close preserve.

Candidates for the 'Britannia' are required to pass the examination between the ages of thirteen and fourteen and a half years; and some special preparation—in other words, cramming—is invariably required. The test is not a difficult one; but as there are not fewer than three candidates for each vacancy, it is necessary to obtain more than merely qualifying marks. From six months to a year's cramming is usually needed for an

average youth whose previous education has not been absolutely neglected; but even clever boys should be sent to one of the crammers for a few months. It would be beyond the scope of this article to give any particulars of the subsequent examinations to be passed by a cadet before he is fairly launched on his naval career. We need merely state that although a naval officer has many tests to pass before he attains the rank of Lieutenant, these examinations present few obstacles to young men of average ability, owing to the excellent system of training.

We may now pass on to the rules governing admission to the other branches of the navy.

The Royal Marines.—This is a distinct and also a combatant branch of the naval service, and although the officers are virtually soldiers, they are under the control of the Admiralty, and are paid out of the naval votes. The Royal Marines are divided into two separate corps, the Artillery and the Light Infantry, the officers of the former receiving special training in artillery-work. The Royal Marines affords a very good career, and is much less expensive than the Army, only a small allowance being needed by officers in the junior ranks. But we have no space to draw any comparisons between the advantages of the different branches of the navy, and must assume some knowledge on these points on the part of our readers. Candidates for the Royal Marine Artillery are required to pass the same examination as those for the Royal Artillery, and this is the only branch of the navy, except the Engineers, which is open to general competition. Candidates must compete between the ages of sixteen and eighteen years. The number of vacancies rarely exceeds six in each year; but although this appears to indicate keen competition, the bulk of the successful candidates elect to enter the Royal Artillery in preference to the Marines. Still, the test is a very severe one, for, as we have explained, the standard of knowledge is precisely the same as that required for admission to Woolwich. The successful marine artillery candidates are subsequently trained at the Royal Naval College, and at the naval gunnery and torpedo schools. They do not go through Woolwich at all.

Candidates for the Royal Marine Light Infantry are also entered by open competition, and are required to compete with the Sandhurst candidates. This system ensures the entry of young men of the same mental capacity as the future officers of the infantry of the line. Hitherto, the limits of age have been between seventeen and twenty; but this summer the maximum has been reduced by one year. Candidates for this branch of the navy are required to be not less than five feet five inches in height. The number of vacancies offered half-yearly has varied of late between four and ten, according to the flow of promotion in the corps. The successful candidates are gazetted to the three Marine Divisions at Portsmouth, Chatham, and Plymouth, and are usually attached to the same division throughout, except when serving afloat. The two branches of the Royal Marines make up a force of fourteen thousand officers and men.

The Naval Engineering branch.—The entry to this branch of the navy, which has greatly in-

creased in importance of late years, is regulated by open competition; but the Admiralty reserve the right of nominating candidates for one-third of the vacancies. These nominated candidates are admitted if successful in obtaining qualifying marks, and are not required to compete, in the ordinary sense of the term. The nominations are exclusively bestowed upon the sons of naval or military officers killed or injured in the public service. Three nominations are also offered to the sons of colonial gentlemen, with the object of tightening the bonds between the mother-country and her colonies, and bringing about what Mr Morley might describe as a naval 'union of hearts.' Including these nominated candidates, from thirty to thirty-four engineer students are entered annually, and the competition is about five to one. The age of admission is between fourteen and seventeen, and cramming is considered necessary, although no technical subjects are included in the examination. The students are educated at Keyham College, near Devonport, and here they remain between four and six years, according to their progress. During this course of training, parents are required to pay forty pounds per annum. A student's outfit costs about twenty pounds; and the total fees, including washing, amount to under seventy pounds. In return for this moderate outlay, the students receive a first-rate technical education; so thorough, indeed, that it has been found necessary to guard against the possibility of parents subsequently withdrawing their sons from the navy with a view of making them civil engineers.

There is also another way of becoming a naval engineer, and for this method of entry candidates are eligible up to twenty-three years of age. They are required to pass an examination for direct admission as assistant-engineers, but are not accepted unless they have previously undergone three years' training in an approved engineering establishment. About ten such appointments are offered annually; but very few engineers enter the navy through this channel, very possibly because the regulations on this head are imperfectly understood.

Medical branch.—The rules governing the admission of surgeons to the navy may be briefly dismissed. The candidate must be fully qualified to practise medicine and surgery in the United Kingdom, and must be under twenty-eight years of age. The exigencies of competition have, however, led to the necessity of imposing further tests, the vacancies being awarded in order of merit by the examining Board. The competition varies so much that it would be difficult to estimate accurately the average number of candidates. In 1888, only seven surgeons were entered; but the average number of vacancies has been twenty-two during the past four years. The medical officers of the navy receive higher pay than the combatant and engineer officers of corresponding rank, and the regulations governing retirement are framed on a liberal scale. This is chiefly due to the influence of the medical profession on shore, which, some years ago, successfully resorted to the expedient of boycotting the navy, until the Admiralty were forced to make concessions. After eight years' service, a naval surgeon has the option of retiring on a gratuity of one thousand pounds; and after

twenty years' service, he can claim a pension of £365 per annum. Higher pensions than this can, however, be obtained by additional service, and by officers who rise to the top of their profession.

Naval Chaplains.—There are probably thousands of struggling clergymen in this country who would be glad to join the navy as chaplains, and it is certain that a great number of applications are received by the Admiralty when a vacancy occurs. The superabundant supply of candidates is no doubt partially attributable to the fact that no examination has to be passed, although perhaps this would be the fairest way of deciding the claims of clerical applicants. There are only ninety-six naval chaplains, including the Chaplain of the Fleet; but during the past ten years we find that, on an average, five fresh appointments have been gazetted. These posts are in the gift of the Admiralty, and a good deal of interest is required to obtain a chaplaincy. The pay of a naval chaplain begins at twelve shillings a day, and increases to four hundred pounds per annum; whilst those who are also qualified to act as naval instructors receive considerably higher pay. Like all other officers of the navy, chaplains are entitled to pensions; but no pension is granted for less than ten years' service, except in cases of injury sustained on duty. It may be interesting to mention that naval chaplains formerly ranked with rear-admirals, although the pay was no higher than at present—but that nowadays they do not take rank at all, the regulations merely specifying that they are to be treated with the respect due to their sacred calling.

Naval Instructors.—The duties of a Naval Instructor are to instruct the midshipmen in sea-going vessels in mathematics and navigation; whilst a few are employed on board the cadets' training-ship, and also as lecturers at the Royal Naval College. Of late years, the policy of the Admiralty has been to combine the duties of chaplain and naval instructor in sea-going vessels; and the plan has worked so well, that it will no doubt be continued. More than half the chaplains have qualified as instructors; but a small number of naval instructors not in holy orders will always be required for the 'Britannia' and the Naval College. Several of the original naval instructors have become chaplains, just as the chaplains have qualified as instructors, although it may be considered that this is not a responsibility to be as lightly undertaken as the teaching of middies. Candidates for the position of naval instructor must be under thirty-five years of age, and are required to pass rather a severe examination in mathematics, Latin, and French; and the vacancies are offered for open competition. The successful candidates are subsequently sent to the Naval College to study navigation and a few other technical subjects, and are then subjected to a final examination. The pay of a naval instructor is the same as that of a chaplain, and pensions are granted on the same scale. The duties are light, and the naval instructor enjoys the status of a commissioned officer; but capable young schoolmasters are not greatly attracted, as a rule, by this branch of the navy, which has little beyond a fair pension to recommend it.

The Accountant or Paymaster branch.—The

officers of the Accountant branch are entered as assistant clerks, under the same system of limited competition that governs the admission of naval cadets—that is to say, nominations are required. The number of nominations issued by the Admiralty varies from year to year; but about four candidates are allowed to compete for each vacancy. Candidates are eligible for the examination between sixteen and eighteen years of age, and of late years about eighteen vacancies have been offered annually. The examination is not a difficult one, apart from the competition; but it is essential for candidates to be well grounded in arithmetic, elementary mathematics, and composition, and also in French. This branch of the navy can be entered at smaller expense than any other, and although the pay is not very good in the junior ranks, the Paymasters are well paid, and can retire on six hundred pounds a year after twenty-seven years' service in that rank.

In this paper no attempt has been made to do more than briefly describe the general rules governing the admission of officers to the several branches of the navy; but it is hoped even those few particulars will be of some service to parents with sons on their hands. Fuller particulars can always be obtained by application to the Secretary to the Admiralty; whilst much useful information will also be found in the quarterly issue of the 'Navy List.' It is perhaps scarcely necessary to add that candidates for every branch are required to pass a strict medical examination, and that robust health and normal physical powers are as essential to a future surgeon, paymaster, or engineer as to a midshipman or an admiral. To be sure, many officers lose their health, and sometimes even a limb, during service; but good physique at the outset is a *sine quâ non*. If Lord Nelson had lived half a century later, our greatest naval hero would probably have been disqualified by a medical Board, in which case many important events might have happened which need not here be discussed.

CHARLES GLEIG.

ELSIE.

CHAPTER II.

As time went on, I found myself thinking as much of young St John as of Elsie. He had come into the peace of our village life like a dragon-fly in a garden, giving one a sense of disquiet, which the butterflies and bees never do. I speak for myself, for every one else said how quiet and nice he was. Before a week was over, half the women in the place were in love with him, and I didn't wonder at it, though I got to hate his suave ways and his marvellous blue eyes. I knew which way they were turning, and that Elsie had looked into them, and had caught something from them which was altering her daily. He acted indeed like a sun on her: she seemed to grow taller, more queenly: her eyes took a soft dreaminess to them, and in the curves of her lips there was a richer swell.

For her sake I ought to have been glad that love had come to her with its creative touch, making the world all new again, and hallowing it with sweeter meanings, which before she had

never known. But all the while I had misgivings when I thought of the vicar's pride of birth—he was an Hon. Rev.—and the possibility that the young graduate was only butterflying after all. I misjudged him, as I came to know afterwards; but jealousy had twisted me, and my thoughts worked 'out of the true,' like a wheel on a bent axle.

But as far as Elsie was concerned she seemed happy enough, till the day after their picnic in the park, when something occurred which made my heart ache for her. I thought it was coming when the vicar passed on his way to the mill-house, for there was anger in his face and a hard uncharity quite foreign to it. In the space of twenty minutes, and while I was putting on my coat to leave, he reappeared, and with a lift of his hat came away. As he passed now his look was changed, and there was a beam of satisfaction in it, with a dash of sadness which set me all agog to know what it might mean.

I could only surmise, however, and wonder painfully how much it might concern the weal of Elsie. I was doing so at my fishing that night—for all taste for study had left me—when Henry came by with a spring in his step and a tune in his head, which he hummed gaily as he passed on his way to the mill. Some black-thorns screened me from the path, and I watched him till he disappeared behind the granary. The cherry orchard was beyond, and there Elsie, no doubt, was awaiting him. Here a fish gave a tug at the rod, and I landed a perch. I threw the line out anew, but couldn't keep still, through thinking of the tryst in the orchard; so I put up the tackle and went home.

Next day about two the Nemoton 'bus, instead of passing straight on, turned up the lane to the vicarage. It drove by presently with the two St Johns in it, and on its roof were three trunks marked in big white letters, 'H. ST J.' Jem had been repairing the millwheel since the morning, and crossed the road as the 'bus turned the corner.

'Summat wrong wi' young Missie this mornin', guv'nor,' said he. 'Her passed down brook-side just now, wi' t' collie, white as a daisy, an' arl red about the eyes, as if her'd bin cryin'. Th' old ledly's arl right too. Thought perhaps her'd had another fit and frightened the gell. That wheel o' theirs won't turn much longer, I'm thinkin'—it's gone reg'lar rotten, it has. Seems to me there ain't too much money movin' there, Mester Crannock.'

I went on with my planing, whistling a lame tune to myself, till, as thought joined thought, and one thing fitted into another, like mortise and tenon, my bile got the better of me, and I threw the plane down, telling Jem to jump into the sawpit. When we had done, and made lengths of a good-sized tree, Jem climbed out and wiped his face with a slow stare at me, which set me smiling; for quietness had come to me, and after three hours' distilling of it, I had found a soul of good in the evil that had happened. I told Jem to go home, and soon after went myself, and sat up till twelve o'clock that night book-reading.

Then I walked out in the stillness, and yielding to the inward pulling I could feel, went over to the millhouse, and gazed up at the little leaded

window of the room where Elsie had slept from a little one. I mounted the stile of the croft, and, under a tree-shadow which the moon made, sat listening to the weir, and castle-building on the ruins of her lost happiness. A little click came athwart it all, and I could see the casement swing outwards, and there was Elsie among the ivy, her hair all loose, and falling in brown waves on the whiteness of her bed dress. But her face was as white as it, as she looked up at the moon, her eyes glistening in its light like two dewdrops on a jonquil. There was a distraught eerie look in them which gave me an inward aching that she should take it so hard. Then she leaned her chin on her hands and gazed straight before her with a set stare. Presently her thoughts moved her lips, and became sounds in the stillness.

The broken sentences would look nothing on paper; nor is it for me to write down the doings of a maiden's soul when it comes forth in the solitude, thinking no one nigh to hear its soft plaints and its moanings. But as I listened, my head bowed, and my hope died away that I could ever turn such love to me, now that its tendrils had so wound round another's image. As well ask the brook to flow back from the river, or the flowers to look away from the sun in the morning. A cloud came between us and the moon, and when it had passed, Elsie's face was no longer in the ivy.

CHAPTER III.

But time brings its own heart-ease to those who will submit to its healing, and not nurse their wound as some mothers do dead babes. It went hard with Elsie for some months, as I could tell by the looks of her; but gradually her sick-visiting—to which she had turned, as sore hearts will—brought peace to her, and some of the roundness of feature which she had lost. The life took her out of herself, and gave play to all that was finest in her nature; so that, as time went on and she ripened to fuller womanhood, the beauty she had become less physical, and more the expression of a fine spirituality. It was not saintliness exactly—though Farmer Waghorn said she was an angel in woman's gear—for it was something her violin and her reading had given her as much as her good-doing. She was in that state when love and renunciation, working together, force the soul into sight of higher issues, towards which it grows because it must, or faint. I didn't think it then, but I do now.

I was one of those who shared in this larger life, though for a long time I felt that I was no more to her, as we walked together from church, or met on the brook-side, than any other son of Adam with whom she exchanged words as neighbourly. But gradually she became more careless of the reserve behind which worked her inner nature, and we grew more visible one to the other, though I strove always to hide my secret for fear of frightening her off, and she said nothing of hers, appearing seldom to think of it but only of what we talked on.

Then hope grew big within me; and I worked on with a will and a good heart, careless of the meaning in her great wistful eyes, or of the weird throbbing melodies which came sometimes

from her violin as she played in the twilight across the soft murmur of the weir.

She was playing so one June evening as I lingered by the granary on my way to the brook-side—which was my favourite walk, because, perhaps, it was hers—when Dobson, the mill foreman, joined me. Something in his face made me look again at him.

'Some strange talk at "Crown" to-night, Garge,' said he, walking on beside me with eyes straight in front of him.

'Do they all look as sour as you on it?' I asked, ill-humouredly, for I wanted to be alone just then.

'Look sour, do I?—Well, I ain't that: I'm downright sorry, lad. One o' Lawyer Sharp's men is there, half-seas over, an' he's let it arl out. There's goin' to be a meetin' o' creditors. It's Higgins's doin'—the corn factor. He put in a writ; an' the others got wind of it, an' they arl swooped down like a lot o' kites on a lame sparrer. If he'd on'y bided his time a bit, there'd a' bin no harm done: there's plenty o' money out, on'y it's a bit tight.'

I stood still in surprise, and he stopped too, and across the momentary silence came the wail of Elsie's fiddle.

'Do you mean that there's money enough out to pay all debts?' said I, stepping on again.

'I'm pretty sure on't,' said Dobson. 'Higgins on'y did it 'cos her refused to give him a bill o' sale on the mill. He's had his wall eyes on th' old place these ten years or more. He's for pushing things to bankruptcy now, so as he may buy it up and run it himself. Rawlins thinks so, and so do I.'

Rawlins was Mrs Onslow's clerk and manager, and I asked Dobson where he was. He told me, and I sought him out. Half an hour later I was in Mrs Onslow's parlour. She rose, in her quiet lady-like way, with some surprise in her face, which always had in it the half-dazed look of a confirmed epileptic. Saying nothing of what I had heard, I asked her at once whether I might put four hundred pounds in the business—three-fourths payable at once, and the remainder in a month. Higgins's debt was two hundred and sixty pounds. I watched her closely while the offer worked its way well into her mind. She was a proud woman, and unwilling to state how things were. At last she said—and I remember the shake in her voice—that she would accept the offer subject to her and my lawyer's approval, after conferring together on the value of the business.

'That'll be all right, ma'am,' said I heartily. 'I'll go to Nemoton in the morning and see the pair of them. Maybe you'd like to send some written instructions by me.'

She took the hint, and started to write a line or two to Mr Sharp; but seeing her hand was unsteady and something trickle down on to the paper, I took my leave hastily, saying I would call again in an hour's time. I did so; and Elsie and her mother were there together, waiting with glad faces to see me. It was the happiest night of my life; and when sleeping-time came, I hardly got a wink through thinking of Elsie's smiles, and the kiss of her hand she allowed me to take when I held it in mine for the parting.

The upshot was that Higgins was paid, and the other creditors argued into good sense at a private meeting we called. And when the mill-wheel had turned another three months or so things were all safe again, and I—I was engaged to Elsie.

Ay, it is true; and I was the blithest man in Norton Priors or anywhere thereabouts. How it happened would take too long to tell, and, moreover, I have little heart to do it, as I look back now and recall the foolishness of my Paradise. It was nothing else; for all the while it was not me she loved at all, but Henry St John, who had taken orders, and avowed himself a celibate, as some do. But she had given him up, as I well knew; and there was enough affection in her manner to make me believe that I had won my way into her heart, and not only into its vestibule. She was a gentle loving thing to all about her; and I believe now that she took me only out of kindness, seeing me so far gone that she hadn't the courage to say nay to my pleading. Then Mrs Onslow helped it along, having taken a fancy to me, and seeing in the match, perhaps, good likelihood of happiness to Elsie. I was to go and live at the mill-house, and after a time to leave off wheelwrighting and manage the business, Rawlins having grown a bit old and 'dotty,' as we said in our parts. And so it was planned out, and love shone all about it, and I was no more capable of seeing spot or blur in the picture than the sun is of seeing darkness. Yet it was only a vision and a vain thing.

SOME NEW ZEALAND PECULIARITIES.

FOR so small a country it is remarkable what a variety of climates New Zealand presents, and how gradually the one merges into the other. In the extreme south—say in Stewart Island, or round Invercargill—we have the four seasons, in one of which the enthusiastic Scot may even enjoy 'the Roaring Game.' But as one proceeds northwards the climate becomes gradually milder and milder, until, in the district around the Bay of Islands, we have an almost tropical climate, with only two seasons—dry and rainy—no snow, no frost, but a land for the orange and citron, the banana and the guava. Yet all this variety is within a very limited range of temperature. There are no extremes; and, in truth, winter is a name rather than a reality for all the North Island and the South Island too. The cause of this tempered climate is due to its configuration and position. It resembles Italy in shape—long and very narrow; stretching north and south a length of eleven hundred miles; whilst its extreme breadth is no more than one hundred and forty miles. To project such a country in the northern hemisphere, it would stretch, say, from the centre of France over Spain and the Mediterranean into the middle of Morocco. On account of its narrowness, no part is distant more than seventy-five miles from the sea; and it lies out far in the bosom of the Pacific Ocean.

The ocean swell that ceaselessly dashes itself against the east coast can travel with an unbroken course more than four thousand miles from the coast of South America; while on the

west side Australia is the nearest mass of land—twelve hundred miles off. It is therefore essentially a maritime country, and it is this surrounding expanse of water that tempers so delightfully its climate and supplies it with such abundant moisture, that it compares favourably with Australia, where often man and beast languish under the sweltering, scorching heat and long droughts that dry up vegetation until it is ready to fall into dust. It is never blighted by land-winds such as blow from Africa upon Italy, or even from the Continent upon Great Britain. It is pre-eminently a land of coolness and greenness, where grass and bush all the year round wear a living vivid green. So mild and equable a climate as this allows the colonials, one might say, to live an outdoor life. Even in the nighttime they can scarcely be said to be confined, as open windows and the slight framework of their wooden houses give free access to fresh air.

Nowhere can one obtain more beneficial conditions for maintaining or recovering health. The tables of flourishing life-insurance companies attest this general healthiness, and a story widely reported illustrates it. A judge of a rather testy but withal humorous disposition, who had presided over a large district in Otago for seventeen years, was asked by official authorities to make out certain returns about the mortality of the district. His answer was that there was no death-rate for his district, for during the past seventeen years there had occurred only two deaths, and these were of strangers, one of whom was murdered, and the other hanged for the murder.

This isolated position of New Zealand has, however, this manifest disadvantage, that the colonist has to go far to find a market for his produce. Yet science has to a great extent bridged this difficulty, and enables him to compete profitably in the home-market. Its application to practical purposes has no more remarkable instance than the process of refrigeration applied to preserving meat. All the mail steamers are now fitted up with chambers which can hold from twenty to thirty thousand carcasses. The Gear Freezing Company allowed for a small sum—less than one pound—the privilege of sending a frozen carcass to one's home-friends. It was greatly taken advantage of, particularly at Christmas time, so as to provide the Christmas dinner with the novelty of 'lamb' instead of the ordinary turkey.

Again, this complete isolation of New Zealand affords undoubtedly an explanation of many of its peculiarities in animal and plant life. No animal of the larger type is found in New Zealand. Indeed, the only native quadruped—and even that is doubtful—is a small rat called 'kiori' by the Maoris. This rat and two kinds of bats are the only representatives of land mammals. On the other hand, there are a good many kinds of moths, butterflies, and gnats, but only two insects. It teems with such life on the borders of the bush. The writer well remembers how one hot summer evening, when the windows were thrown open, the moth tribe thronging in, heaped themselves upon the light until it was stifled—a holocaust celebrated by the trumpeting 'ping' of half-a-dozen mosquitoes. The only other active and therefore vicious insect beside

the mosquito is the sandfly; but its activity is confined to the daytime.

Native birds are very interesting, though, like the Maoris themselves, they are becoming rarer and rarer. The moa is already supposed to be extinct, and we know it only from its vast skeleton and egg, to be seen in the colonial museums. There are, however, still existing two birds of the moa kind, though on a diminutive scale: these are the weka and kiwi—both provided with only the most rudimentary form of wings. The weka is an intensely curious bird, with more oddities and greater knowingness than even Barnaby Rudge's raven. But the best loved of all is the 'tui.' Once one has heard its clear liquid bell-tones, on the fall and rise of which one's very soul hangs, it will never be forgotten. Young New Zealand calls it the 'Parson Bird,' by reason of the white spot on its breast, representing, as it were, the cleric choker. Besides these, there are a few varieties of hawk and parrot kind.

Its reptiles are confined to a few varieties of the lizard, and these are quite harmless, although held in great terror by the Maoris. Among all these animals there is no one dangerous to man. Perhaps exception should be made in the case of the katipo, a small dark spider with a red spot, the bite of which is said to be highly venomous. It is very rare, and we never had the satisfaction of falling in with it.

But surely the most curious of all objects is that which the Maoris call 'aweto.' One is uncertain whether to call it an animal or a plant. In the first stage of its existence it is simply a caterpillar about three or four inches in length, and always found in connection with the rata tree, a kind of flowering myrtle. It appears that when it reaches full growth, it buries itself two or three inches underground, where, instead of undergoing the ordinary chrysalis process, it becomes gradually transformed into a plant, which exactly fills the body, and shoots up at the neck to a height of eight or ten inches. This plant resembles in appearance a diminutive bulrush; and the two, animal and plant, are always found inseparable. One is apt to relegate it to the domain of imagination, among dragons and mermaids; but then its existence and nature have been accepted by the late Frank Buckland. How it propagates its species is a mystery. One traveller, after describing its dual nature, calmly states that it is the grub of the night butterfly. If so, then the grub must also become a butterfly, or what becomes of the species? One would be ready to suppose that the grub does really so, and that some fungus finds the cast-off slough congenial quarters for its growth. But as far as present observation, the grub never becomes a butterfly, but is changed in every case into a plant.

This singular deficiency in animal economy furnishes the Maoris with a plausible excuse for their past cannibalistic practices. We must suppose that the absence is due to the isolation of these islands, for there are no natural conditions antagonistic to animal life. On the contrary, nowhere has acclimatisation been so successful as in New Zealand. All kinds of animals from the house-fly up to the horse have been introduced, and have flourished and multiplied in an almost miraculous manner. Early settlers

tell us that the few pigs set loose by Captain Cook at Gisborne had increased to such an extent as to overrun the whole of the North Island, and were eagerly hunted by the Maoris. It is well known how the country's permanent prosperity depends upon its unique adaptability for raising the sheep, cow, and horse. You can now get a good riding hack for three or four pounds.

All home birds are quite common—too common for the farmer's liking. Though most of the rivers have been stocked with trout, there has been a hitch in the introduction of the salmon. The ova are hatched, and the young fry, full of vigour and life, make their way to the sea; but they never return. What becomes of them is uncertain.

The bee has had a wonderful history. The whole country swarms with them; yet, according to Mr Froude's account, they are all the offspring of two hives taken out by Cotton of Christchurch. It is told that he was accustomed to keep them in his sitting-room, and they had become so attached and familiar with his person, that a squad of them used to attend him at lectures and chapel. However this may be, we know from personal experience that the rate at which they multiply is marvellous. In a township of Wellington, a colonist had got a chance swarm about the beginning of the season, and by the end he had several swarms from this single hive. In the following season they simply poured forth until all available boxes and barrels about the steading were exhausted, and then swarm after swarm was allowed to take flight. These would find a habitat in the bush, which is rapidly becoming as rich in stores of honey as the prairies and backwoods of America. Indeed, bee-hunting would be quite profitable, were not honey so plentiful and cheap.

The acclimatisation of animals in New Zealand has not been without some curious changes in the structure and habits. All of them seem to breed oftener and to attain a much larger size. The average weight of the sheep is sixty-eight pounds, double that of the home-sheep, and its fleece is twice as large. Trout are often caught more than thirty pounds, and they seem to take as well to sea-water as to fresh. Many birds that lived on insects in the home-country have become quite destructive to the colonist's crops. The lark here often sings during the night, and has become so indolent that it perches upon the fence whilst it sings. This change of natural instinct has been shown in a curious manner in the case of the kea, a native bird. It is a common parrot, green and brown in colour, and, until some years ago, a strict vegetarian. All at once it developed a strong taste for the fat that surrounds the sheep's kidneys. It attacks the live animal, and tearing open with its strong bill the side of the helpless sheep, it gorges itself, and then leaves the animal to die.

The glory of New Zealand is not its hot springs, with terraces; not the wild and weird scenery of its sounds and highlands. These are certainly grand; but the unique wonder is its 'bush.' And, reader, if you desire to behold this wonder, you must make haste, for fire and axe are making sad havoc, and in a few years naught will be left but unsightly charred stumps. But let us hope at least that ere its disappearance

some poet will arise to sing its grandeur and beauty, and to give articulation to the mysterious sighs and sounds that issue from its depths. Take your stand upon this grassy hillock, that has long ago been cleared; and, lifting your eyes northward, you behold a sea of foliage with no very bright colours, but dark, cool, and vividly green. Starting from the bottom of the hillock, it surges onwards until, some leagues away, it beats against a hill-range; but this forms no barrier to its onward progress, for its heights are scaled; and this forest, I may tell you, unbroken save by a small clearing called Norsewood, a Scandinavian settlement, merges into what is termed 'the Forty Mile Bush'—a piece of bushland well known to stagecoach travellers. This bush is quite unlike that of Australia. It is Australian bush plus a dense jungle impervious to wind and sunshine. Mighty pines of many kinds, the rata, totara, rimu, and others, raise aloft their heads from one to two hundred feet. The space between their trunks is closely packed by festoons of creeping plants, wild vines, supplejacks, and other parasitic vegetation. There, too, you see the graceful fern-trees raising aloft their slender dark stems from twenty to forty feet; you see the long sword-blade leaves of the nikau, the only palm of New Zealand; and most beautiful of all, and certainly the most characteristic feature of New Zealand forest-land, the tuft-topped cabbage-tree. These three plants give a peculiar tropical look to New Zealand scenery, and at once impress the immigrant with the remembrance how he is in a strange and distant land—a fact which otherwise one is apt to forget in New Zealand.

Now turn and look southwards. What a different scene! Naught but a waste of charred stump and blackened trunks, with here and there a tree standing, grimly raising its blasted arms to the heavens, as it were in condemnation of man's desecration and vandalism. A more desolate and disheartening sight one can nowhere see! Yes; that is what the settler accomplishes with his two instruments—axe and fire. But you may be assured that he looks upon the scene from a far different point of view, and not without cause, because it is a herculean toil to attack that impenetrable bush, and requires a stout heart with a vast amount of energy and hopefulness to carry the clearing operation to a successful issue. The bush-feller is full of expedients to lessen his labour. He makes use, for instance, of the larger trees to knock over others in their vicinity half cut through; and then he attacks the tree, not at the root, but as high as he can reach, so that stumps four or five feet in height are left. When the felled timber is thoroughly dry, he sets fire to it; and if he gets a successful 'burn,' when the rain comes on he sows his grass seed, and in a few days the tender grass springs up in a marvellous way out of the fertilising ashes, and by the end of winter his land is ready to be 'stocked.' The bush-land once cleared, compensates him for his toil and hardship. He has secured a present competence and an ample field for the employment of his family, however numerous. Then each year adds to the value of his property.

In the best of communities there is always found more than a sufficiency of black-sheep, and

New Zealand is no exception. But there has recently been a great diminution in the number of criminal offences, so much so, that many are quite sanguine that crime shall die out altogether or become very rare. The most thoughtful ascribe this result to the influence of their thorough educational system. The experiment of a 'First Offenders Act' was first tried in New Zealand, and though laughed and jeered at as a piece of absurdity and sentimentalism, its results, both from an economic and moral point of view, have been highly satisfactory, and now the mother-country is following in the footsteps of her child. Occasionally, indeed, a Cassandra voice is heard denouncing the rowdiness, or, as they style it, the 'larrikinism,' that is becoming more and more prevalent throughout the country. The young colonist, overfed on meat and 'flown with insolence' and high spirits, if not with wine, is apt to become a source of annoyance to his neighbour and to those who come in contact with him; but for the most part these irrepressible high spirits of his find an outlet in the more violent form of recreation, such as football, rowing, horse-racing, and the like.

New Zealand is the workman's paradise, where the four eights, so longed for by radical reformers, are a realised fact. It does not, on the other hand, present many facilities for making a fortune; nor do the colonists desire to have amongst them millionaires or billionaires; but what they want is steady progress without poverty; and let us hope that they may have it. It is true that that crying evil of modern civilisation, centralisation, has already begun to show its evil effects in 'the four colonial cities.' Men will cling to the town, preferring the enjoyments of the bar and cheap theatre to solid independence up the country. Politicians and municipal authorities encourage the evil by finding employment for these 'loafers.' We remember seeing a squad of these so-called unemployed in Dunedin. They were getting four shillings and sixpence a day, and it was currently reported that they were going out on strike for an increase. Yet the country is simply crying out for an able-bodied class, either as occupiers of their own land or as hired labourers; for it is the men who can wield the pick and shovel that have the ball at their feet.

PURVEYANCE.

EVERY year, on the anniversary of the birthday of the Prince of Wales, a gathering of some two hundred of the 'Royal Warrant-holders' takes place at one of the principal London restaurants, in order to loyally celebrate the happy event. Such a gathering together of those who enjoy the privilege of holding the 'Royal Warrant of Purveyance' affords a striking contrast to the condition of things which existed, in regard to the purveyance of the royal household, prior to the period of Charles II., in whose reign the old and pernicious system of purveyance received its death-blow.

Purveyance, or 'pourveyance' as it was termed in the middle ages, signifies the providing of necessities for the sovereign and his or her family

by buying the commodities at an appraised value in preference to all others, and even without the owners' consent. To trace its origin is no easy task. Suffice it to say that there may be found many biblical references to a system of 'tribute,' an operation which would seem to have a somewhat close connection with purveyance; an organisation introduced, no doubt, by the Romans, and so handed down to their successors. The subject affords but little interest until the reign of Edward III. is reached. An amusing incident, however, occurring as far back as the reign of King Edgar, as told by Chauncey in his *History of Herts*, is retold here in order to show the cunning practices resorted to by royalty in those early days.

It would seem that, except by special charter, the inmates of the monasteries, in common with the rest of the king's subjects, were not exempt from purveyance; thus, they were frequently liable to the visits of royalty and its retinue, such visits being considered as part of the system of purveyance. The Abbey of St Albans had, we are told, a large lake adjoining it, to which the king, with his no small troop of retainers, made frequent visits for the purpose of fishing. After satisfying themselves with sport, the king and his followers invariably made themselves the guests of the Abbey. These frequent visits becoming inconvenient to the inmates of the Abbey, the wily Abbot, in order to rid himself of such troublesome guests, adopted the plan of draining the pool, under the pretence of extending the Abbey, which from that time forth had no attraction for royalty.

To return to the period of Edward III. We find the office of purveyor to have been one exercised with much oppression, so much so, indeed, as to necessitate continual applications to the king for redress, and, as a result, the passing of numerous Acts of Parliament to restrain the abuses complained of. We are told that, as a response to some of the appeals, he changed the title of the much-abused office to that of *Acheteur*, or buyer. The new title does not appear to have lasted very long, nor does it in itself seem to have been a remedy for the evils that existed; but the change was followed by a certain amount of reform—that is to say, regulations were framed by which one of the king's household was appointed to inquire into the conduct of the *acheteurs*; and if they took more than they delivered into the royal larder, and did not pay for what they received—errors not infrequently committed—from the people, they were to forfeit their lives.

Burke, in a speech in Parliament on the proposed reformation of the king's household, seems to have had a pretty clear conception of the character of these officers, whom he described as 'sallying forth under the Gothic portcullis to purchase provisions with power and prerogative, instead of money, inspiring terror, and finding a flying and hiding country.' These officers not only had power to raise food for the royal household, but the carriages and horses of the subject, however inconvenient it might be to the owner, were likewise liable to be impressed into the king's service at a 'fixed price.' Even the ships of merchants arriving in port laden with wine were not exempt from visits of the king's pur-

veyor. We are told also that this officer had the right of choosing two hogsheads of wine—no doubt he chose the best—for a payment of twenty shillings for each, with the option of taking more if he chose at an appraised value. A fishmonger pursuing his trade in this reign was precluded, by royal command, from going out of the City of London to purchase fish until the king's purveyor should have first made his purveyance for the king.

Such was the condition of things in the years of Edward III.'s reign, in which many Acts were passed with the view of relieving the oppressed people from the rapacity and extortion of the 'purveyors' or 'acheteurs,' but to little purpose. Until Elizabeth's reign little or no change took place in the condition of things under which the people suffered. Then it was that the royal authority was exerted by the hanging of one of her purveyors for having forcibly taken provisions without paying for them. Notwithstanding this salutary example, the purveyors still gave trouble to her subjects by withholding the money due to them for goods supplied; causing them at last to petition the Queen that she would accept the value of goods in money, that is to say by means of a composition. This, at first, she would not assent to; but after some hesitation an agreement was arrived at as to what proportion of goods each county should supply. Hence compositions in each county were made by the Justices of the Peace for serving a certain quantity of provisions at rates fixed by them in consultation with the officers of the royal household; the difference between the price fixed by the justices and the market value being raised by an assessment on the whole county and paid to the owners of the goods. As an indication of how far below the market value were the royal or justices' prices, the following table is given of an assessment made in Middlesex:

		Royal Prices. s. d.	Market Prices. £ s. d.
Wheat.....	200 qrs.	at 6 8	2 0 0
Veuls.....	40 qrs.	at 12 0	1 2 0
"	100 qrs.	at 6 8	1 2 0
Greene Geese.....	10 doz.	at 3 0	1 8 0
Capons.....	10 doz.	at 4 0	0 16 0
Hens.....	20 doz.	at 1 6	0 12 0
Pullets.....	20 doz.	at 1 6	0 10 0
Chickens.....	40 doz.	at 2 0	0 6 0
Hay.....	200 loads	at 4 0	1 10 0
Oats.....	211 qrs.	at 4 0	0 12 0
Litter.....	180 loads	at 4 0	0 10 0
Wood.....	200 loads	at 3 0	7 0 0

—the difference on the whole being in favour of royalty to the extent of nearly one thousand pounds. By this method of taxation, though falling somewhat heavily on the county, those serving the royal household received the market price for their goods, less the proportionate difference between the royal and market prices, which they, in common with their neighbours, were called upon to pay by way of assessment; besides which they were relieved of the personal presence of the obnoxious royal purveyors, the duty of raising the provisions required by the royal household, from that time forth, devolving upon the High Constables.

In the following reign, however, as most readers of history are aware, the unhappy system of purveyance, with its attendant evils, was com-

pletely abolished; in consideration of which, Parliament settled upon the 'Merrie Monarch' the hereditary excise of fifteenpence per barrel on beers sold in the kingdom, and a proportionate sum on all other liquors.

No doubt, in the times when the court moved very frequently from one place to another, as it was accustomed to do, when markets were few and provisions not so abundant as now, an honest system of purveyance was a necessity; but in these days of luxury and convenience, so far from the abolition of the old mode of purveyance being a matter for regret, the contrary is the case: the people, instead of, as in days gone by, fleeing at the approach of royalty, now welcome it, and none more so perhaps than the fortunate 'Royal Warrant-holders.'

AN INCIDENT IN THE WILD WEST.

THE story which we are going to relate has nothing to do with cowboys on the spree, or any of those shooting affairs in drinking saloons of which we hear from time to time, and which are, unfortunately, still common enough in the Wild West, but has to do entirely with the widely prevailing custom of punishing criminals by lynch-law, instead of waiting for the proper authorities to carry out their duties. Possibly many people in this country suppose that lynch-law—that is, the taking of the law into their own hands by the dwellers in Western settlements—is only resorted to when there are no constituted authorities at hand to carry it out. We shall show that it is frequently put in action even after the State itself has already begun to move in the matter; and that, consequently, instead of being practised because there is no other law in existence, lynch-law and the State sometimes come into conflict in such a way as to tend to additional bloodshed.

The scene is the little town of Graham, situated about a hundred miles from the State capital, and not far from the Rio Brazos, which flows through the centre of the enormous State of Texas, the largest of all the United States. Although Graham is but a small place of some six hundred inhabitants, it is the chief town of Young County, and is dignified, according to Western usage, by the name of a city. In the centre of the town stands the jail, a plain square building, whose barred windows look right into the public open space around, so that the prisoners within can, if they choose, hold conversation with their friends outside. We need not speak of the interior of the jail, for the events which we are going to describe happened chiefly without its walls.

In the month of December 1888, four brothers named Marlow were imprisoned in this jail on a charge of horse-stealing. There were five brothers altogether, and their home, a rough shanty, was situated four or five miles outside Graham. They bore an indifferent character, and were commonly known as 'Those Marlow Boys.' The sheriff of the county at the time was one Marion Wallis, a much respected citizen and official. A sheriff in an American county may be described as a combination of jail-keeper and policeman, and occupies something of the position of a superintendent who has charge of a lock-up

and police division in one of our English counties. A few days before Christmas, the Marlows were released from prison on bail. They had hardly left the jail before Sheriff Wallis received a warrant to arrest them on a charge of murder. Wallis was a kind-hearted man, and he determined not to execute the warrant at once. He would let the men have, he said, one day to see their old mother and their wives. The next day he went, accompanied by his under-sheriff, one Collier, to the home of the Marlow Boys. It was about mid-day, and they were seated round the dinner-table.

'How d'ye, Wallis?' said one of them. 'Come and have a snack.'

'Don't mind if I do; believe I will,' replied the sheriff. He turned to the door and beckoned to Collier. No sooner had he turned, than one of the men seized a Winchester rifle which was ready to his hand and shot him through the back. Collier, seeing his chief fall, made for his six-shooter, which was in the saddle pouch on his horse outside the door.

'Hie, Collier!' cried the Marlows, 'put down that six-shooter, and you may come and attend to Wallis; but if you don't drop it at once, you're a dead man.'

Collier had already had a narrow escape, and accordingly he concluded to drop his weapon, and the murderers fled from the hut.

He procured assistance, and carried Wallis back to Graham. The poor man lingered for a few days; on Christmas Day he died. During the whole of the short time that he continued to live, he was wandering and delirious, now calling out, 'Do not hurt the Marlow Boys,' and now imagining that he was tracking his own murderers through the scrub. The men had not gone far from their home, with the exception of one who had jumped on to a horse. Citizens had gone out on the night of the day on which Wallis had been shot, and had brought four of the brothers to Graham, and lodged them in the jail again, amidst the yells of the inhabitants, with whom poor Wallis was very popular. It must be remembered he was not yet dead, or something might have been done that night. When, however, it was known that Wallis was dying, the populace was aroused. On Christmas Eve an attack was made on the jail. It was but a half-hearted one, for, though the gate was burst open, the Marlows armed themselves with iron bars, and threatened to strike down the first man who entered. The under-sheriff managed to secure the jail again, and no further attack was made on the building.

Wallis was buried on New-year's Day, the whole population of the town attending his funeral. By the middle of January it was known that the Marlows were to be moved to the town of Dallas, either for more safe custody, or that they might stand their trial there. Dallas is about fifty miles from Graham, and some of the Grahamites had determined that, if they could prevent it, the prisoners should not reach Dallas alive. At dead of night an official sent from Dallas proceeded to remove the prisoners. He had the four brothers chained two and two by their feet, and they were placed in a sort of van, called a 'hack,' together with two other prisoners. No armed men rode with them, for fear, it was said, that their weapons might be wrested from

them by the desperate Marlows; but some men who had been engaged for the purpose, rode, armed with Winchesters and revolvers, in another hack behind. The road led through a ravine just outside the town. This ravine had been lined on each side by a gang of masked citizens, who fired down indiscriminately on the party below. The wagons stopped. The Marlows jumped out, ironed as they were, and wrenched some of the weapons from their assailants. The night was pitch-dark. The shooting was wild and furious in the midst of the confused crowd. It was never known exactly by whom the many fatal shots were fired in that terrible darkness. Two of the Marlows fell dead, and so did three of the citizens. Many others, both of the prisoners and of the attacking party, were wounded. The guard in the second hack were but of little use. One young man jumped off and ran back to the town in a fright; the others were useless either to keep off the mob or to secure the prisoners. The two surviving Marlow boys jumped on to one of the hacks in company with one of the other prisoners, and drove home through the streets of Graham shouting and singing. The inhabitants who had not taken part in the plot, aroused from their sleep, and warned of what had happened by the young man who had been the first to escape, made their way to the scene of action, and brought in the dead and wounded from the blood-stained road. The bodies were those of the two Marlows and of three citizens. When the masks were removed from the faces of the dead, their fellow-citizens were horrified to see what respectable and prominent inhabitants of the town had taken part in this lawless enterprise.

The Marlow survivors arrived at their shanty blood-stained and wounded. There they remained for some days. The townsfolk seemed to be completely cowed, for they allowed themselves to be kept off by the five women, wives and widows, who kept guard with Winchesters and revolvers over the hut where the wounded men lay. A doctor was admitted to attend to them; no other man dared to pass.

The United States Government now interposed in the matter; and after a few days, the Marlows gave themselves up to the officials, were taken off to Dallas, and then, strange to say, liberated on bail. One brother was still at large, the man who had ridden off on the day when Wallis was shot. He went by the name of Boom Marlow, and a reward was offered for him dead or alive. Some young men went out from Graham, tracked him, shot him, and brought in his body. The young men who did this found themselves, to their astonishment, arrested for murder, but were also, according to the prevailing custom, let out on bail. In the meanwhile, proceedings had been taken against the leaders of the night attack; but they were let out on bail as well. Seven lives had already been lost over this affair.

After a lapse of more than a twelvemonth the two Marlows were at last brought to trial, and, to the surprise of all who knew anything of the case, were acquitted of the murder of Marion Wallis. Of course the original charge of murder on which Wallis went to arrest them has been entirely lost sight of. As to the citizens who made the midnight attack, they are still out on

bail, and whether or not anything further will be done in their case, no one can say.

The inquiry naturally arises: Why do these exhibitions of mob violence take place? Why does not the law proceed in its ordinary course? We have been describing no isolated case. Such a state of things is only too common out West. Only about ten years ago a very similar case took place in Graham itself. Three men were arrested for a most cold-blooded murder. They had killed a man on his farm in the absence of his wife, and when the woman returned, told her that her husband had sold the farm to them, and had moved elsewhere. Well, these men were shot down as they were being conducted through the streets of Graham. They fell on the footway, perfectly riddled with bullets, one Sunday morning as the people were walking to their places of worship. The reason must be the strange uncertainty of the law, the uncalled-for delay, and the too ready granting of bail. So many red-handed murderers have got off in one way or another, that the criminal law has come to be regarded in certain districts with distrust, and the consequence is that Judge Lynch has taken its place. There is a sense of honour, however, amongst these assistants of Judge Lynch. They do not wish to be lawless, they say; they only want to carry out just retribution, which they fear may not come in any other way. For instance, in the second case which we have described a gunmaker's store was broken into, and the weapons and ammunition were seized for the attack on the murderers of the farmer. After all was over, every weapon was returned. The incident reminds one of the guinea left in the rope-maker's booth in Edinburgh in exchange for the rope taken thence for the hanging of Porteous, as described in the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian.' The remedy for the evil is a more efficient police system, and what is far more important, the immediate trial of prisoners charged with murder, to be followed by their immediate, or at least not too tardy execution if found guilty. It is only in this way that any confidence or belief in the law can be implanted in the minds of the dwellers in the Wild West.

THE HISTORY OF NUGGET-FINDING.

THE history of the great Californian and other Nuggets of the precious metal is in many respects interesting and romantic. Thus, the discovery of one of the finest Californian nuggets was made under very singular circumstances. It is known as the Oliver Martin Nugget, and was found near Camp Corona, in Tuolumne County, and weighed 151 pounds 6 ounces. Martin and a companion named Flower were camped in a cañon, when a terrible rain-storm came on in the night, and the water in the stream suddenly rose. The miners attempted to climb the hill, but the flood overtook them, and both were carried down the stream. Flower was drowned; but Martin, though severely injured, escaped.

While trying to bury his companion's body by the roots of an upturned tree, Martin discovered the rich nugget that bears his name. He was too weak to move it. He attempted to reach some neighbouring miners, but fainted from

exhaustion, and was found on the trail by them. When able to walk, some weeks later, Martin took them to the spot, and the nugget was removed. The gold was mixed with quartz, but the nugget was valued at over twenty thousand dollars.

But the largest nugget ever found in California was discovered in November 1854, at Carson Hill, Calaveras County. It weighed 180 pounds. Another, weighing 149 pounds, was soon afterwards found at the same place.

In August 1869, W. A. Farish, A. Wood, J. Winstead, F. Clevers, and Harry Warner, were partners in the Monumental claim, near the Sierra Buttes, in Sierra County. During the last week in that month they discovered a huge nugget, which weighed 1593 ounces troy. It was sold to R. B. Woodward, of San Francisco, who paid 21,637 dollars for it for exhibition purposes. It was afterwards melted, and realised 17,655 dollars. Sierra is justly famed for the nuggets it has produced. It was in this county, at a spot known as French Ravine, that a nugget valued at twenty-three thousand dollars was found in 1850.

The biggest nugget of gold ever found in Shasta County was discovered in 1870. One day three Frenchmen, two of whom were named Oliver Longchamp and Fred Rochon, drove into the old town of Shasta in search of a spot to mine. They happened to have some business with A. Coleman, a dealer in hardware. The three asked him where was a good place to mine. He carelessly pointed in a northerly direction and said: 'Go over to Spring Creek.' They took his advice, located a claim on the creek about eight miles north of Redding, and in a few days one of the little party picked up a nugget worth sixteen thousand dollars.

Plumas County, though one of the richest mining districts in California, has yielded but few valuable nuggets. The largest was found by a Chinaman in 1861, and was sold for 9600 dollars. A miner named Archie Little found one in the same district that brought him 4906 dollars.

In Placer County, in 1859, Edward Gilbert, in a drift-mine near Butcher Ranch, about a dozen miles from Auburn, found a nugget of gold and quartz that weighed twenty pounds, which he disposed of for five thousand dollars. A little later on the same man discovered another valuable nugget. The gold was embedded in a mass of crystallised quartz with clear-cut corners, the sides of whose cubes shone with great brilliancy. He sold it for 6206 dollars.

In El Dorado County, at Spanish Dry Diggings, a nugget weighing 105 ounces was found in 1853, and sold for 1800 dollars. Another was found near Kelsey in the same county, and sold for 4700 dollars. In 1863 a mass of gold weighing 360 ounces was discovered at Columbus, in the same county, and was valued at 5236 dollars; and not far from the same spot, a poor Frenchman found a nugget valued at five thousand dollars. The rich mass of gold rendered the miner insane, and on the following day he had to be sent to the Stockton Asylum. The money was sent to his family in France. Near Knapp Ranch, in the same county, John Strain discovered a nugget that weighed 50 pounds. There was a large percentage of quartz in it, but the gold fetched 9500 dollars.

Near Magalia, in Butte County, on August 14, 1859, Ira A. Willard found a nugget weighing 54 pounds; and on the strength of his find, he and his companions held a grand drinking bout.

The largest nugget ever found in North Carolina weighed 80 pounds. The largest ever found in Siberia weighed 96 pounds 4 ounces; while the heaviest nugget of gold ever found in the world was found in Australia in 1852. It weighed 223 pounds, and was known as the Water Moon Nugget.

A curious fact in connection with gold-finding has just come to light in the United States. George Nay, an old Colorado miner, asserts that he has at last found the Mojave Mine, one of the famous lost gold mines of the desert, whose existence has been unknown for nearly thirty years. This mine was notable among the Mojave and Hupapais Indians for a long time before the arrival of white men. The Mojaves used to bring the gold out and trade with it along the Colorado River. The location could not be found, however, as Arataba, the old chief of the Mojaves, kept it a secret. Many white men have hunted for the mine since the death of Arataba, which took place about twenty years ago; and Nay now claims that he has discovered the location of the mine. He says it is twenty miles over the Colorado River, in Arizona, and on the edge of the Sugar Loaf Mountain. He has discovered distinct traces of the old Mojave workings, and has gone to San Francisco for the purpose of forming a company. If he is not mistaken, the United States may once more become the scene of nugget-finding.

DREAM-LAND.

THOUGH the years be fled, and the pain is dead,

And the grief is over long,

Yet on Dream-land track doth the soul go back,

And lo! the sound of a song,

That rings from a glade where the trees are green,

Where the wind of sorrow never hath been!

And out of the night come back to sight

The forms and faces of yore,

The old love wakes, and the old joy takes

Colour and light once more;

There sounds a voice we can never hear,

A step that has left us for many a year.

The sunbeams creep over eyes that sleep,

And we wake with a start to know

That in fair dream-land we have clasped a hand

Which held ours—long ago!

And we thrill to a touch that is lingering yet

To a passion of love, and of vain regret.

And for many a day we wend our way

The unseen world around us,

For the soul has snapped the chain that wrapped

The earthly links that bound us,

And the workaday world around us seems

Less real by far than the land of dreams.

MARY GORGES.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.